to love art before everything, to renounce everything for its sake, to think all the sweet human things of life well lost if only he may attain something, do some good, great work—then I was never an artist. I have been happiest in my work when I was working for some one else. I admire those impersonal people who care for nothing outside their own ambition, yet I detest them at the same time, and I have the simplest faith that absolute devotion to another human being means the greatest *happiness.*

That happiness was now mine.

I led a most unconventional life, and experienced ex-quisite delight from the mere fact of being in the country. No one knows what " the country " means until he or she has lived in it. " Then, if ever, come perfect days."

What a sensation it was, too, to be untrammelled by time i Actors must take care of themselves and their voices, husband their strength for the evening's work, and when it is over they are too tired to do anything! For the first time I was able to put all my energies into living. Charles Lamb says, I think, that when he left the East India House, he felt embarrassed by the vast estates of time at his disposal, and wished that he had a bailiff to manage them for him, but I knew no such embarrassment.

I began gardening, "the purest of human pleasures"; I learned to cook, and in time cooked very well, though my first essay in that difficult art was rewarded with die and complete failure.

It was a chicken ! Now, as all the chickens had names—Sultan, Duke, Lord Tom Noddy, Lady Teazle,

and so forth—and as I was very proud of them as living birds, it was a great wrench to kill one at all, to start with. It was the murder of Sultan, not the killing of a chicken.

However, at last it was done, and Sultan, deprived of his feathers, floured, and trussed. I had no idea *how* this was